

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 26.

OUR AGENTS.

The following persons are authorized to receive advertisements and to forward them to the **HERALD**, under the job work, etc.

DR. T. SMITH, JR., Foreville.
ROCKEN & CO., Beaver Dam.
DR. R. R. SANDER, Centerville.
REIN, HADEN & CO., Rockport, Ky.
J. H. BLAIR, Haystack.
ROCKEN & TAYLOR, Bowling.
THOMAS GILBERT, Cromwell.

New Neighbors.

(See Them.)

There is always a sort of pleasant excitement about new neighbors. Solid indeed must be the woman who, when somebody is moving into the home opposite, will not let her choice "set" and her door go unopened while she peers through the blinds to see what the newcomers have got, and where they are putting it.

Our neighbors, to some extent, help make up our lives. They are the scenery in our social landscape. They are the background of our happiness and well being depends on our neighbors.

The first question we want to ask is do they keep house? A housekeeping neighbor is a light on any neighborhood. A dozen rugged, sharp-toothed lions in good condition and attacking strictly to business will make more money and discontent in a neighborhood than anything we can think of. A howling dog and two tomcats, with long-standing vendetta between their families, or not to be compared to them.

Will they use the front door? That is an important question. Neighbors who have a habit of slipping in and out of the side door have the advantage of other folks. They might as well carry home a turkey, or a goose, or a new hat, or a chromo from the fifty-cent store without being known by their neighbors. The hired girl might have a bad call and nobody be the wiser. Side doors ought never to have been invented.

It is strange how many things one finds interesting about new neighbors. Where do they come from? Is it possible that they make coffee three times a day, or is that still something else?

Why do they keep the shades down? Are their curtains hand or machine embroidered? What does make them have so many shades in the parlor, and only five in the family? Two slits on the life line, and only one man and a boy to wear them?

Can't they eat and a kitten? What can they possibly want with three cats and a kitten?

Is it false hair that the oldest daughter wears pulled up on her head, or is it her own? Is it powder that makes her so white? Does the hired girl do all the work washing and ironing?

What does make the man of the house so late every Wednesday night? Twelve o'clock strikes before he thinks of trying to find his latch-key, and then he always says something emphatic to himself. Is it possible he wears? How can his wife run out and kiss him if he wears?

What was in the box the expressman left there yesterday? Big enough for an organ. What was in it with an organ, when they have a piano already?

Is it true that she has been married before, and divorced? How dreadful! What can they do with all the intricate mess that goes there? Is that a marble or only a Parian group on the table by the window? Is that a croquet set in that box on the lawn?

Another hand-box on the lawn? Well, of all things! And two lawn mowers? Do they mean to live outdoors?

Will they go to our meeting? Will they be likely to pay much attention to the subject of foreign missions? Will they want to say anything petulant and old leavers to the ladies when the yearly "barrel" are packed?

Will they borrow things? Will they want to be loaned things? Will they play on the piano again, after decent people are in bed?

Are they rich? Did they ever have any grand-mothers?

Did they ever do any mean thing, and if so, shall we find it out?

Where are they, anyway? And we might go for a couple of columns and still not ask all the questions that will be asked about new neighbors, but we forbear. We all know just how it is.

Cure for Piles.

Piles are frequently preceded by a sense of weight in the back, hips and lower part of the abdomen, causing the patient to suppose he has some affection of the kidneys or neighboring organs. At times, symptoms of indigestion are present, flatulency, uneasiness of the stomach, etc. A moisture like perspiration, produced by the irritation, is often felt, after getting warm, common attendant. Blind, bleeding and itching Piles yield at once to the application of Dr. Bosanko's Pile Cure, which acts directly upon the parts affected, absorbing the tumors, allaying the intense itching and effecting a permanent cure. Price 25c. Address: Dr. Bosanko Medicine Co., P.O. Box 2, Wayne Griffin & Bro., Drugists, Hartford, Conn. 25c

For Winter Tourists.

The Chesapeake, Ohio and Southern Railroad Company have on sale at Beaver Dam, Ky., tickets to winter tourist resorts as follows:

to Austin, Texas, \$20.00
 to Galveston, Texas, 20.00
 to Houston, Texas, 20.00
 to San Antonio, Texas, 20.00
 to New Orleans, La., 25.00
 to Mobile, Ala., 25.00
 to Tampa, Fla., 25.00
 Tickets good to return until Jan. 1st, 1888. 25c

Pile!

All the stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No other first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and \$2.00 trial bottle free by mail. Send to Dr. J. C. Kline, P.O. Box 1, Philadelphia, Pa. 11-1917.

For the Last Time.

There is a touch of pathos about doing even the simplest thing for the first time. It is not alone killing the dead that gives you this strange ache. You feel it when you have looked your last time upon some scene you have loved when you stand in some quiet street in the city, where you will never stand again, when you have said your last word to the singer, whose voice is cracked hopelessly, and who, after this once, will never again stand before the audience. A lover, departing for the plaudits with fresher voices and fairer forms; the minister, who has seen his last sermon, whose heart has known the hidden bitterness of the words, never again. How they come to us on our birthdays as we grow older. Every season, along the line of our life, nearer the final terminus—the end which is universal, the last thing which shall follow all our things. We put away our boyish toys with an old heartache, and know that the time has come when we must part with them forever. We do not want the best toy, but we must leave it behind us. We are no longer on the skirts, too old to be loved and too young to be loved. We are no longer on the skirts, too old to be loved and too young to be loved. We are no longer on the skirts, too old to be loved and too young to be loved.

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Woman's Scepter.

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Home Items and Topics.

All your own fault and even thinking at least, of very easy, self and wing effect in this peculiarly of needle-work distinguishing women from men. Men are not made of any such by-play as the main business of life. But women, the way of what earthly rank they may, however gifted with intellect or genius, or endowed with much beauty—have always the main handwork—ready to fill the tiny gap of every one of our needs. It is the woman's eye that has discovered a new star, turns from it and sees the polished little instrument gleaming along the line of her kerchief, or to dare a casual ray in her dress. And they have greatly the advantage of men in this respect. The slender thread or silk or cotton keeps them united with the small, familiar, gentle interests of life, the continually operating influences of which it is so much for the health of the character, and carry off what would otherwise be a dangerous accumulation of morbid feelings. A vast deal of luxury, sympathy runs along this electric line, stretching from the throne to the wicker chair, or from the sequestered and high and low in a species of commonality with their kindred beings.

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